

# Gallipolis Journal.

PUBLISHED BY JAMES HARPER.

Volume XVIII.

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1853.

[AT ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE.]

Number 42.

AN ADDRESS,  
Delivered before the Sunday School, at  
Alexander Chapel.

BY J. W. M'CORMICK.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I shall not confine myself to the discussion of any abstract subject, but simply call your attention to a few thoughts on the duties and responsibilities of youth, and those about to enter upon the duties of active life. Let me be considered as addressing more particularly the youthful portion of this audience than the aged.

My Young Friends: My words shall be few. We are convinced of the truth, that every individual, blest with the powers of reason, and not under the years of accountability, has duties and responsibilities of a binding nature, that cannot be shaken off, and which embody a threefold obligation; of that which we owe to ourselves, our fellow beings, and to God, the Creator and Governor of the Universe.

It is not for us, who live in a land of civil and religious liberty, where truth, arrayed in its peaceful robes, bids error be submissive to the right, where ignorance and superstition, with battered and broken down walls, lie mouldering in ruins, beneath the temple of knowledge, to be as the heathen in his blindness, neglect our privileges, and live on regardless of duty and responsibility, in selfishness and corruption.

Nay, the youth of the present day, enlightened as they are by the glorious principles of virtue and truth, must aim at things more noble in themselves, seek to arrive at greater perfection in education and morals, in view of their exalted privileges, their duties and their responsibilities.

It strikes me forcibly, that never, in the whole course of human life, does a responsibility rest with such weight upon the individual as just when preparing to enter upon the duties of active life; because it is then our character and habits are forming, we are setting the standard that governs the whole of after life, and as we are in youth, so will we be in age, as regards virtue and piety, "for disposition is built up by the fashioning of first impressions."

Think of this, you that are parents, for here is a duty for which you are alone responsible; that duty, the giving those first impressions to the youthful mind, which have so much to do with the well-being of your children, when they shall have entered upon the more advanced stages of life. Be aware, then, ye who have the guidance of the young mind entrusted to your care, how much the success and prosperity of the man depends upon the early training of the child.

But if we, my young friends, are not responsible for our first impressions, the time soon rolls around for us that we are ushered into the years of accountability, and then our duties begin, and responsibility falls upon ourselves. It is then our duty to commence the education and discipline of the mind and heart, that we may be governed by the dictates of true wisdom, our characters may be pure and spotless, and we firm and abiding in the truth. If we are not so governed, and have not such characters, who shall bear the responsibility, who shall answer for our wilful blindness and obstinacy, but we who formed them thus by our own misguided action. The greatest obligation then we are under to ourselves is a proper education and discipline of the mind and heart.

The mind must be trained for reason, meditation and reflection, and the heart imbued with the principles of charity, virtue, and truth. Our usefulness, our prosperity and happiness demand this much, as an essential qualification, and this should be the great object of life. Without thought, without mental discipline, the mind runs to waste, and moulders in ruins, and without a well cultivated heart, the spirit of virtue and truth dies within the man, and the noble being, formed in the image of his Creator, falls, the wreck of grandeur, and almost of perfection itself. It is a true saying, that "we must educate, or we must perish." Be admonished, my young friends, of the necessity of your improvement of time. This presents itself for your consideration, as of the greatest importance.

We are aware that we have touched a difficult point. We may say easily and truly enough, time is short and fleet, and the great work of life demands a wise improvement of the whole of it; yet it is not so easy to "confer the disposition and create the determination to use it to the best possible advantage." Time is the most precious of all things, and yet what are we more lavish of, what are we more willing to spend for, or to trifle with, than the precious moments of time. Indeed many, who in other respects save everything, are wasteful and lavish of this, which should most concern them, as being of the greatest importance, of which it has been nobly said, by Seneca of old, "it is a virtue to be covetous."

We may say with truth that indolence is the parent of vice and misery, and that all things noble and permanent in human character are but the result of a wise, industrious improvement of time. In view of usefulness, of greatness, and of pure nobility, we must grasp each moment as it flies, reflecting that only the present is ours; improve it diligently, in thought, reflection, and energetic exertion, in mental and physical action. It is to time and patient thought that we are to trace our advancement, the high

perfection of the arts and sciences, our domestic and social relations, and our deliverance from the heathenish gloom of ignorance, superstition, tyranny, and corruption, by the principles of genuine philosophy, and the glorious truth.

To improve time to advantage is to labor industriously. Our education is our own work. Although friends may cheer us on, and books and teachers may aid us, yet no one can afford us the fulfillment of our aims and motives in this respect, or lay up for us stores of knowledge, but ourselves. We must recollect that education is the trial of mental powers, as the trial of gold by the fire, to remove its base properties, and render it pure, strong and vigorous.

We too must bear in mind that the discipline of the mind and heart is not the work of a few short hours or days, but of life; we are not to stop our exertions in search of truth when we leave the little common school house where so many pleasant hours have been passed away, or when we leave the halls of the college, for all that we learn from books only fits us to enter the great field of learning, or in other words, the great school of experience.

We must learn as we grow old; we must recollect that the whole of life is but barely sufficient for the great work before us, that we must get wisdom from every source, and hence the necessity of an agreeable, social, and teachable spirit, instead of a disposition of self-willed independence, which, we have to lament, characterizes the action of so many of our race. There is nobility in labor. It is true that man meets with opposition in every pursuit of life which has a tendency to elevate his nature. It is certainly evident that the true nobility of man is the result of application, and springs alone from enduring or suffering in a good cause, from which a good effect is finally wrought by great industry and patient toil. "And nothing in this world is of any worth, which has not labor and toil as its price." In an industrious improvement of time, those who have aimed high, have been firmly resolved to overcome every opposing obstacle to their progress, to labor amid difficulties with an unwavering purpose, and unremitting toil, such have attained to true eminence in life, and have rendered their fame imperishable. They are the true geniuses.

Demosthenes was such a genius—the greatest orator the world ever produced; Sir Isaac Newton was another who entered the bewildering mazes of philosophy, and demonstrated greater truths to the world than any philosopher before or since his day. Then reflect that it is your duty to improve your time diligently, and a fearful responsibility resting upon you, that you cannot shake off, urges its necessity.

"What moment granted man without account? What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unpaid!"

Haste, haste! he lies in wait, he's at the door, Lascivious Death! should this strong hand arrest.

No composition sets the prisoner free Who murders time; he crushes in the birth A power eternal, only not adored."

"Seize, mortals! seize the transient hour, Improve each moment as it flies; Life's a short summer—man a flower, He dies—alas! how soon he dies."

Progress is slow. If we seek a high position or standing in any pursuit of life we must ascend gradually. That giant oak did not spring up from the little acorn and receive its great magnificence, with its pendant branching boughs arrayed in rich, green foliage, all in the space of a single hour or one short day. Those beautiful islands which elegantly adorn the Pacific, were all piled up by the little coral in the construction of its habitation, depositing a single grain of sand at a time, until rising above the surface of the briny deep they have become the pleasant habitation of men.

Just so it is with our exertions; we must learn to make haste slowly. All things great and good in themselves are accomplished pen by pen, "little by little." In whatever you do, making use of a common expression, be sure you are right and go ahead, but aim not to advance too rapidly lest you fall into error. It is progression in knowledge, virtue and truth, and their general diffusion, which makes us useful, good and great, and it alone can make us truly blest and happy.

It banishes the evil and corrupt part of our nature, and nourishes the pure and good as the dew of heaven nourishes the tender plant. It is that which exalts us in the scale of being, brings us, as it were, into a new existence, far more like a life of heaven, where ministering angels attend our wants and make us truly blest. Who is so blinded through corruption and infatuation, so regardless of mental and moral obligation as to feel no duty resting upon him, to prompt the cultivation of the mind and more especially the heart? Who is so dead to the great object of life, as not to seek a higher and nobler sphere of action and enjoyment than that afforded by degrading ignorance and contemptible selfishness?

Besides self obligations, there are your charitable and social duties which must be performed, if happiness is your aim. Our words shall be few on this point. Look with loathing and disgust upon hatred, envy and malice. Look at them in another light but as sucking the nourishment of human happiness from the very soul itself and poisoning every good aim and every virtue. Let them make no lurking den of your heart, let them leave no slimy serpent's

track upon your noble visage, but let the frank, open smile of goodness and charity in its simplicity and purity rest upon your lips; making the whole countenance beam with the light of that love which glows within the breast.

Seek that noble generosity that shall cause you to do all in your power for the happiness and comfort of those around you, and act in accordance with the excellent precept, do unto all men as ye would men should do unto you.

"In faith and hope the world will disagree But all mankind's concern is charity."

Live a life in accordance with the teachings and precepts of divine truth. I address members of that excellent institution, the sabbath school, who meet on the holy sabbath to read, study and understand the truths of the Bible. Let me tell you, my young friends, yours is a noble work. You are engaged in the study of a book, "the best the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honored or dignified the language of mortals." Unlike the relics of antiquated lore that have come down to the present day, which are preserved and admired for their perishing beauties, their worldly virtues and glories, this great book withstanding the rude and severe attacks of ignorance, superstition and of snake-eyed malice—the storms of gloomy corruption and the lapse of ages—it still exists in its purity and enduring perfection. "The Bible is the treasure of the poor, the solace of the sick;" it is that book from which we can derive true wisdom, view the power and grandeur of a God, and containing as it does the plan of human redemption, it is that alone which can teach us how to live and learn us how to die. As to the nature of its influence, how noble—how exalted. It is a great and glorious power working the moral refinement of the world. We see it first revolutionizing then civilizing and christianizing the nations; diffusing the glorious beams of freedom's sun over oppressed lands; spreading joy and peace where misery and tyranny have long held sway; and clothing in beauty and loveliness the regions made dreary and desolate by the long reign of maddest superstition and direful pollution.

Through its active power, heathenish gloom and barbarism have been bereft of nations, their strongholds taken from them—and the days of their sovereign rule are beginning to be as though they had never been. The principles of truth and benevolence have found a home in almost every land, and are now as crystal fountains pouring forth streams of living water to enlighten and bless. We may behold this glorious influence at work in our own land of civil and religious liberty; we can feel and perceive that influence surrounding us; we can realize that we through its glorious effects are a happy, and enlightened people, free to think, to speak and to act, and occupy as a nation an elevated position in the point of moral, intellectual and social refinement. Here is your noblest duty, young man or young woman, to educate and cultivate your mind, your feelings, your heart—in accordance with this best book of truth. All that can enlighten, all that can elevate the human soul above the cares, the pains and miseries of life are found in this holy book; the basis of all right, all law, all justice and all truth. How endearing the hope given to us by this best book, and how delightful the feelings sweetened by a life in accordance with the precepts of this most precious, most sacred volume! It teaches us of death to die; it teaches the immortality of the soul. Its sacred truths, like the subject they govern, shall live in glorious perfection when time shall be no more.

Then let its influence be felt in every stage of your life. "It will restrain your passions, moderate your hopes, banish your fears, prevent despondency, cheer you in prosperity, soothe you in adversity, and shed a light of glory around your dying bed."

In conclusion I would say, look well to your duties and responsibilities. Throw away that sluggish indifference that keeps you from doing what you know you should do, and be resolved at once to act and live. It is the only way you can be useful, good and great, and secure for yourselves the propitious smiles of heaven and true happiness.

A MARIAGE.—A strange affair occurred the other day in the Quai de la Piro, Anger, France. A woman, whose mind had become affected from violent sorrow, fastened herself in her chamber, and stripped off nearly all her clothing. She then went to the window, and in the presence of the passers by, stabbed herself in the breast, and put out her eyes with her scissors. It was with great difficulty that some persons who broke into her room secured and conveyed her to the hospital.

STATE FAIR REGULATIONS.—Mr. R. W. Steele, of Dayton, resident member of the State Board, requests editors to mention that articles can be entered for exhibition up to 12 o'clock M. on Tuesday, Sept. 20th. (The request for notice to be previously sent was not designed to exclude those who might not comply.) Also, that the payment of one dollar entitles an exhibitor and his family to admission to the grounds during the fair, and to exhibit as many articles as he or she may own.—State Jour.

[From the New Orleans Crescent.]

Down Among the Dead.

To verify the many horrible reports of the doings among the dead, we the other day visited the cemetery, where every street were long processions, tramping to the solemn music of funeral marches. In the countenances of plodding passengers were the lines of anxiety and grief, and many a door was festooned with black and white hangings, the voiceless witnesses of wailing and sorrow. On the one hand slowly swept the long corteges of the wealthy, nodding with plumes, and drawn by prancing horses, rejoicing in their funeral vanities; on another, the hearse of the citizen soldier, preceded by measured music, enveloped in warlike panoply, and followed by the noisy tread of men under arms; while there, again, the pauper was trundled to his long home on a rickety cart, with a boy for a driver, who whistled as he went, and swore a careless oath as he urged his mule or spavined horse to a trot, making haste with another morsel contributed to the grand banquet of death. Now among the steeples was heard the chiming of the bells, as of Ghouls up there, mingling their hoarse voices in a chorus of gratulation over the ranks of fallen mortality. Anon from some lowly tenement trilled the low wail of a mother for the child her affections, while from the corner opposite burst the song of some low bacchanal, mingling ribaldry with sentiment, or swearing a prayer or two, as the humor moved him.

The skies were a delusive aspect. Above was all cloudless sunshine, but little in keeping with the black melancholy that enveloped all below. Out along the highways that lead to the cities of the dead, and still the tramp of funeral crowds knew no cessation. Up rolled the volumes of dust from the busy roads, and the plumes of the death carriages nodded with seeming sympathy to the swaying cypresses of the swamp, enveloped in their dun appareling of weeping moss—fit garniture for such a scene.

At the gathering points carriages accumulated, and vulgar teamsters, as they jostled each other in the press, mingled the coarse jest with the ribald oath; no sound but of profane malediction and of riotous mirth, the clang of whip-thongs and the rattle of wheels. At the gates, the winds brought intimation of the corruption working within. Not a puff but was laden with the rank atmosphere from rotting corpses. Inside they were piled by fifties, exposed to the heat of the sun, swollen with corruption, bursting their coffin lids, and sundering, as by physical effort, the ligaments that bound their hands and feet, and extending their rigid limbs in every outre attitude. What a feast of horrors! Corpses piled in pyramids, and without the gates, old and withered crones and fat huxter-women, fretting in their own grease, dispensing ice creams and confections, and brushing away with brooms made of brushes, the green bottle flies that hovered on their merchandise, and that anon buzzed away to drink diabolical inhalations from the green and festering corpses. Mammon at the gates was making thrift outside by the hands of his black and sweating minions, that tendered sweet meats and cooling beverages to the throngs of mourners or of idle spectators, who, inhaling the fumes of rotting bodies, already "heaved the gorge;" while within, the "King of Terrors" held his Saturnalia, with a crowd of stolid laborers, who, as they tumbled the dead into ditches, knocked them "about the mazard," and swore dread oaths, intermingled with the more dreadful sounds of demonic jollity.

Long ditches were dug across the great human charnel. Wide enough were they to entomb a legion, but only fourteen inches deep. Coffins laid in them showed their tops above the surface of the earth. On these was piled dirt to the depth of a foot or more, but so loosely, that the myriads of flies found entry between the loose clouds, down to the cracked seams of the coffins, and buzzed and blew there their ovisia, creating each hour their new hatched swarms.

But no sound was there of sorrow within that wide Gehenna. Men, used to the scent of dissolution, had forgotten all touch of sympathy. Uncouth laborers, with their bare shod heads, stood under the broiling heat of the sun, digging in the earth, and as anon they would encounter an obstructing root or stump, would swear a hideous oath, remove to another spot, and go on digging as before. Now and then the mattock or the spade would disturb the bones of some former tenant of the mould, forgotten there amid the armies of the accumulated victims, and the sturdy laborer, with a give, would hurl the broken fragments on the sward, growl forth an energetic d—n, and chuckle in his excess of glee. Skull bones were dug up from their long sepulture, with gashlines staring out

without eliciting an "Alas! poor Yorick," and with only an exclamation from the digger of "Room for your betters!" Economy of space was the source of cunning calculation in bestowing away the dead men. Side by side were laid two, of gigantic proportions, bloated by corruption to the size of Titans. The central projections of their coffins left spaces between them at their heads and heels. This was too much room to be

filled with earth. How should the space be saved? Opportunely the material is at hand; for a cart comes lumbering in, with the corpses of a mother and her two little children. Chuck the children in the spaces at the heads and heels of the Titans, and lay the mother by herself out there alone! A comrade for her will be found anon, and herself and babes will sleep not the less soundly from the unwonted contact!

The fumes rise up in deathly exhalations from the accumulating hecatombs of fast-coming corpses. Men wear at their noses bags of camphor and odorous spices—for there are crowds there who have no business but to look on and contemplate the vast congregation of the dead. They don't care if they die themselves—they have become so used to the reek of corruption. They even laugh at the riotings of the skeleton Death, and crack jokes in the horrid atmosphere, where scarcely they can draw breath for utterance.

The stoical negroes, too, who are hired at five dollars per hour to assist in the work of interment, stagger under the stifling fumes, and can only be kept at their work by deep and continued potations of the "fire-water." They gulp deep draughts of the stimulating fluid, and reel to their tasks, hold their noses with one hand, while with the other they grasp the spade, leave on the mould, and rush back to the bottle to gulp again. It is a jolly time with these ebullient laborers, and with their white co-workers—as thoughtless and as jolly, and full as much intoxicated as themselves.

And thus, what with the songs and obscene jests of the grave-diggers, the buzzing of the flies, the singing cries of the huckster-women vending their confections, the hoarse oaths of the men who drive the dead carts, the merry whistle of the boys, and the stifling reek from scores of blackened corpses, the day wears away, the work of sepulture is done, and night draws her curtain.

THE EPIDEMIC IN NEW ORLEANS.—The New Orleans Bulletin gives the following statement of the mortality in that city, for the thirteen weeks ending with August 20th: yellow fever 5,257, other diseases 1,993, total 7,249.

The Bee, of the 23d, says:

Until recently the scourge had scarcely invaded the commercial classes of our population, but within the last week its sweep has been far more extensive. The obituary notices which appear in the different papers show how many of the better classes have fallen victims. The distemper seems to have searched out every unacquainted person. None, who have never had the fever, are now in safety, no matter how prolonged their residence may have been. We have heard of fatal cases among persons who had lived ten, twelve, and fifteen years in New Orleans, and who, having passed unscathed through several visitations, fondly imagined themselves secure from an attack. This fancied immunity has proved fallacious.

THE NEW ORLEANS CORRESPONDENT OF THE N. Y. TRIBUNE says:

The officer in charge of St. Patrick's Cemetery informed me that they have fought every day over the dead. Many of the Irish pull up the pickets of the fence and bury their dead, without a certificate or any account taken of them. Cattle had got into the cemetery and trampled upon and in the new-made graves.

At Potter's Field they bury in trenches, dug from two to two and a half feet deep. The firing of cannon has been suspended, as it had an injurious effect upon the sick, and many had died in consequence.

THE ORPHANS.—A TOUCHING SCENE.—We find in the New Orleans Picayune of the 23d ult., the following paragraph:

The 165 little children who, left orphans by the influence of the epidemic on their parents, were placed by the Board of Health and Council Committee in two temporary asylums, one on Julia street, the other in the Fourth District, have all been brought together under one roof, in the large building at the corner of Poyferré and Constance streets, First District, where they are taken care of by the benevolent ladies of the Society of Vincent de Paul. The Mayor, who visits daily all the public hospitals, infirmaries, and asylums, said to us in conversation yesterday that he could stand the hospitals pretty well, being accustomed to such sights, but that it was difficult not to be moved by the scene this asylum presents, with so many unfortunate children crying for their mothers.

The postmaster of Charleston, who has just "stepped out" of the post office, adopts the following complimentary address to the President:

I have mailed my last letter—my duties are over.

I've been turned out of office—am P. M. no more.

The why and the wherefore you need not service.

I voted for Scott—Pierce bids me retire.

No enemies to punish—no friends to reward.

From the lips of the General not long since was heard:

Yet thousands with me, who have shared in the rout.

Can tell by experience how well he "turns out."

Execution of Thomas Connor.

The execution of this young man for the murder of Captain Hutchinson, of Virginia, took place in Baltimore on Friday last, attended by occurrences almost too horrible to relate. We take the following from the Baltimore American:

"The convict was accompanied upon the platform by the clergy and a few officials; at five minutes to twelve, he expressed himself prepared, and was left standing alone upon the drop. The Sheriff was about to pull the rope, when a cry of 'cap! cap!' was heard from the outside, and the deputy returned and adjusted the cap over the features of the prisoner. The drop fell, and the rope broke, eliciting a loud shout expressive of horror from the spectators. Connor fell from a height of eighteen feet, alighting on his knees, and then falling forward so as slightly to bruise his face, which was somewhat suffused with blood. His neck was almost uninjured. After a few moments he partially recovered from the stunning effects of his fall, and his first words were—'I am innocent of murder in the first degree.' He then began to pray in a muttering tone, but on the application of cold water as a restorative, soon changed to a firm voice, in which he continued with much volubility to pour forth prayers for himself and mother; asseverations of his innocence of the degree of crime for which he was suffering, and finally, under an access of evident hysterical excitement, repeated entreaties, accompanied by tears and sobs, to be immediately executed, affirming constantly that he had seen his Savior and the angels of heaven, that he had been told that his mother should soon meet him there, that he would not live in the world, &c., &c.

An express was immediately sent to the Governor informing him of the fact, but he had left the city. In about half an hour, the prisoner again ascended the scaffold with apparent pleasure, and in a few moments was launched into eternity.

We learn that a duel came off near Lafayette, Ky., last Tuesday week. One of the combatants had his lacerated honor patched up with a piece of his own ear, which was unfortunately severed from his head by a leaded messenger from his adversary's Derringer. No further damage was done. The belligerents "made friends" and returned to their "peaceful homes," and we suppose, "took a horn."

Clarksville Jeffersonian.

Information Wanted.

We know of no better way to accomplish the wish of our friend than to publish the following. Who will send the lady any information?—State Journal.

WHEELING, Va., Sept. 1, 1853.

MR. BASCOM:—I am solicited by an English woman to write to you for the purpose of assisting her to gain information of her father, John Wetherhill, Bramwell Grove, near Caterpore, Ohio.

Mr. Wetherhill, from letters to his daughter, appears to be possessed of a thousand acres of land, and other property, and had frequently sent money to his daughter, in letters of a supposed friend, which she says never reached her. She has answers to letters which she addressed thus: "John Wetherhill, Bramwell Grove, near Caterpore, Ohio;" but I see no post-office of that name in the books for the State of Ohio. My own opinion is, that she has been deceived by designing persons, so as to get possession of her father's property, who is an aged man.

By sending me any information you can gain, you will oblige a distressed woman, and you can command my services in any business I can transact for you in this city.

Your obedient serv't,  
Z. BEATTIE.

The following is a California story, which is charged upon the San Joaquin Republican, simply because it was found in that paper. It says:

A capital story is told of two residents of Contra Costa county, one of whom, by the way, is a relative of Zachary Taylor. The two gentlemen alluded to went out once to practice with their rifles. Taylor, who is a dead shot, offered to make a bet that he could hit a potato at forty paces a la William Tell. The potato to be placed on his friend's head. The bet was accepted. They took their positions, and the riflemen carefully drew a bead on the potato. Just as he got the object spotted, his friend (who had his eyes fixed upon the weapon) cried out—"not quite so low—not quite so low." At the moment crack went the rifle, and the potato was cleft in twain. The target however was right; the aim was a "bullet" too low, the bullet just grazed the head.

Some fifty-two French field officers have started for Constantinople. Their object is to enter the Turkish service. Of course they make this move with the knowledge and by the consent of their Government. We hope they'll pitch in.

A Bear weighing 491 pounds was killed in Fauquier county, Va., on the 30th, after he had slain several dogs.

The lovers of "short and sweet" paragraphs for the local need not be afraid of the following; it is worth half a volume of ordinary didactics. Read it you who have a home, and wife and children to render happy or miserable as you render yourself agreeable or unpleasant:

"Why not be polite? How much does it cost to say 'I thank you'? Why not practice it at home? To your husband, your children, your domestics? If a stranger does you some little act of courtesy, how sweet your smile of acknowledgement! If your husband—oh! it's a matter of course! no need of thanks.

"Should an acquaintance tread on your dress; your very, very best, and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with your 'never minds—don't think of it—I don't care at all.' If a husband does it he gets a frown; if a child, he is chastised.

"Ah! these are little things you say. They tell mightily upon the heart, let us assure you, little as they are.

"A gentleman stops at a friend's house and finds it in confusion. 'He don't see anything to apologise for; never thinks of such little matters.'—Everything is all right—cold supper—cold room—crying children—perfectly comfortable. Goes home where the wife has been taking care of the sick ones, and working her life almost out. 'Don't see why things can't be kept in better order; there never were such crotch children before.' No apologies accepted at home.

"Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely that golden coin of courtesy? How sweet they sound, those little words, 'I thank you,' or 'you are very kind.' Doubly, yes, thrice sweet from the lips we love, when heart smiles makes the eye sparkle with the clear light of affection.

"Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare? To grow glad at your approach? To bound away to do your pleasure before the request is half spoken?—Then with all your dignity and authority mingle politeness; give it a niche in your household temple. Only then will you have learned the true secret of sending out into the world really 'finished' gentlemen and ladies.

What we say, we say to all—be polite."

MISSOURI RIVER.—This river has been helping itself to a new junction with the Mississippi, as will be seen from the following paragraph we take from the Republican of the 30th, received last evening:

We are told that the Missouri river is cutting one of the capers for which it is somewhat notorious. It has changed its mouth, or entrance into the Mississippi, a good many times within the last twenty years, and now is trying it again. Last Saturday it succeeded in cutting a channel across the point of land half a mile above where it has run of late years, and strikes the Mississippi in a direction which is likely to prevent the washing of the Illinois or eastern shore to any injurious extent. Since Saturday two boats have passed up the new chute, and this may now be regarded as the main channel of the Missouri.

Last week, a number of married women at Fairfield, Ohio, went to the cellar of a retailer of spirituous liquor, turned the faucets on the kegs and vessels, and let the contents run out. The retailer had been selling liquor to their husbands against the remonstrance of the wives. Some half dozen of the women were arrested, taken to Newark, the county seat, and arraigned before a magistrate charged with raising a riot. The Experiment says:

The fair prisoners were escorted into town by a large number of ladies and gentlemen from Fairfield, and were received at the Hall of the Sons of Temperance here by a crowd of Norwalk ladies in waiting. The examination took place in the court-house, which was filled to the brim with eager spectators. Not being present, we can only speak of the result, which was a triumphant acquittal, without the argument of counsel. The fair prisoners were, in every sense of the word, the "lions" of the day—"the observed of all observers." They were toasted and feasted with a free dinner at the Mansion House, and showered with bouquets by our town ladies, and at evening serenaded by the brass band. All in all, it was a scene rarely witnessed by our usually quiet town. On the announcement of acquittal by the court, a shout went up that shook the walls of the court-house to its very foundation.

How to DRY PEACHES.—Take those of the best quality, just as they are ripe enough to eat, halve them, remove the stones, and sprinkle over them, in the hollow from which the pit was taken, a little nice sugar, dry them in a brick oven after the bread &c., is withdrawn. They are far better than if dried in the sun, retaining their aroma and flavor, and besides are totally free from insects. Prepared in this way, from peaches fully ripe, they need no cooking, but are simply soaked in cold water. All the sugar they require (ranging of course with the variety) is added while drying. Peaches thus dried and prepared, are only inferior to the fresh fruits, of which they retain the flavor in a remarkable degree. If you prefer take them not so ripe, and peel the fruit, but the flavor is not so good as when fully ripe, and is dissipated more in the process of drying.